

POLICE

COMICS 10¢

FEBRUARY
No. 27

PLASTIC MAN!
SPIRIT!
HELP!!
WHERE IN THE HECK
ARE YA?





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



HERE IS ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL
OUTDOOR OFFERS
 EVER MADE TO QUALITY COMIC GROUP READERS!

WHILE THEY LAST
Amazing **5-POWER**
TELESCOPE

**IN A BRAND NEW
 COMBINATION OFFER**

With a Life Service Military Carrying Case

At A Price So Low

It's Almost A Gift

Here's real fun for summer: See far away. Bring far off people, airplanes, birds, men, houses, livestock, etc. into sharp, clear, easy vision. Enjoy ball games, races, fights, more than you dreamed possible. Mail coupon today while **SPECIAL OFFER** supply lasts.

**Sent To You Practically
 ON APPROVAL**

We want you to see this sensational telescope, to use it, to carry it with you in the military shoulder carrying case. That's why we say mail the coupon now. Then, if a 10-day trial doesn't convince you this is the greatest offer ever, if you can bear to part with your telescope, return it and you won't be out a penny. But the trial supply is limited. You must act now. Mail the coupon today, sure.

**Why We Make This Really
 AMAZING OFFER**

This telescope is for men, women and children. It is made with genuine ground and polished glass lenses, and is a real 5-power telescope. It makes far off objects appear 5 times bigger than they actually are. If you want one, you'll have to hurry and get your order in, because this is a close-out offer and, when supplies are gone, there will be no more.

TEST 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK

Send no money. Mail coupon today. When your telescope, military carrying case with shoulder straps and free airplane spotter's guide arrives, deposit only \$1.49 plus C. O. D. postage through postman. Do this on the positive guarantee you can return your purchase in 10 days and get your money back for the asking. Don't wait. Mail coupon today.

MILLER TELESCOPE COMPANY
 225 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

FREE



AIRPLANE SPOTTER'S GUIDE

For enthusiasts in making coupon and line helping quickly to meet our telescopes. In this interesting and valuable airplane spotter's guide, shown accurate silhouette of 16 U. S. Fighters and Bombers, and 12 ENEMY WAR PLANE. Yours free of all added cost. Now, please, mail coupon.

These and Many Other Planes

*Use This
 Special
 Coupon*

MAIL THIS 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON

Miller Telescope Co., Dept. A-718
 225 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send **5-POWER TELESCOPE, CARRYING CASE** with Shoulder Straps and free airplane spotter's guide. I'll pay postman \$1.49 plus C. O. D. postage on guarantee I can return purchase in 10 days for full refund. (Send \$1.49 with order and Miller pays postage.)

NAME
 (Print plainly)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

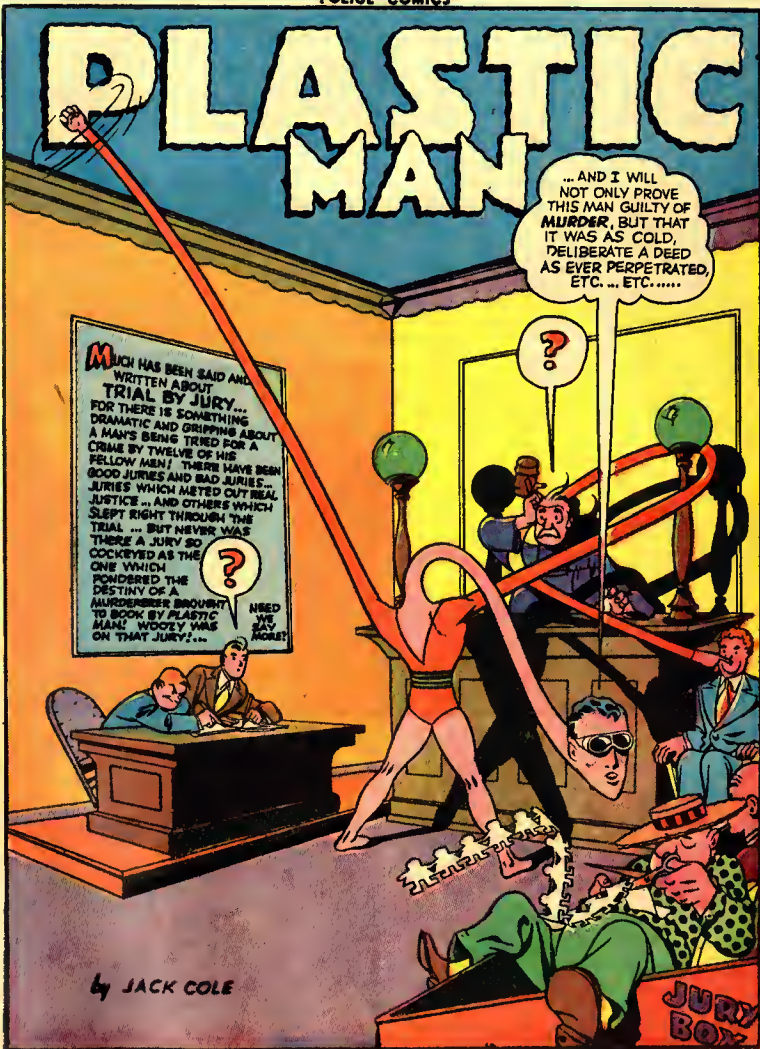
SPECIAL GIFT OFFER: These Telescopes make ideal gifts, especially for service men. Buy yours, etc. If you want 3 at a special gift price of \$3.89 (plus 5¢ a post N here)

PLASTIC MAN

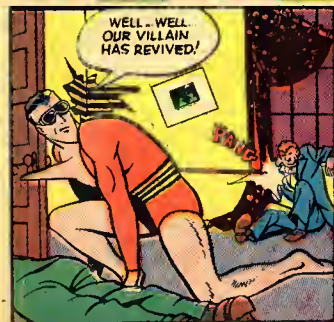
... AND I WILL NOT ONLY PROVE THIS MAN GUILTY OF MURDER, BUT THAT IT WAS AS COLD, DELIBERATE A DEED AS EVER PERPETRATED, ETC. ... ETC.

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID AND WRITTEN ABOUT TRIAL BY JURY... FOR THERE IS SOMETHING DRAMATIC AND GRIPPING ABOUT A MAN'S BEING TRIED FOR A CRIME BY TWELVE OF HIS FELLOW MEN! THERE HAVE BEEN GOOD JURIES AND BAD JURIES... JURIES WHICH METED OUT REAL JUSTICE ... AND OTHERS WHICH SLEPT RIGHT THROUGH THE TRIAL ... BUT NEVER WAS THERE A JURY SO COCKEYED AS THE ONE WHICH Pondered THE DESTINY OF A HURDERER BROUGHT TO BOOK BY PLASTIC MAN! WOOFY WAS ON THAT JURY!...

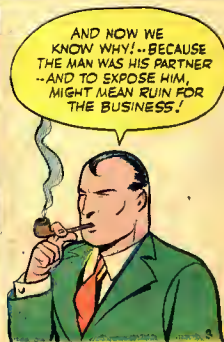
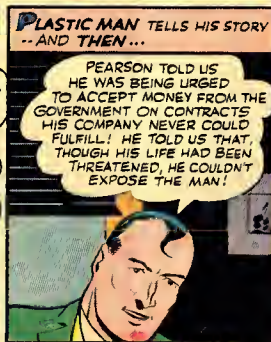
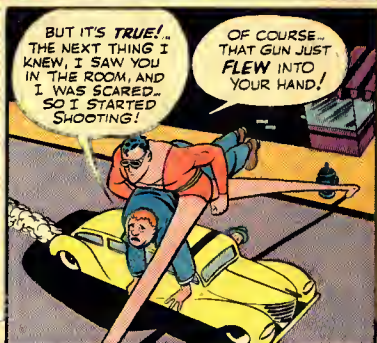
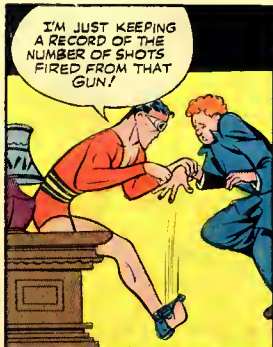
NEED WE SAY MORE?



by JACK COLE



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AND SO... JAMES STERLING GOES TO PRISON TO AWAIT TRIAL FOR THE MURDER OF RANDOLPH PEARSON!...



Meanwhile... WOOLZY HAS HIS TROUBLES!...

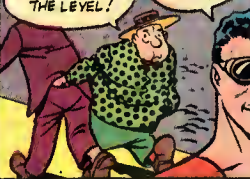
I TELL YUH, PLAS... IT AIN'T FAIR! ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED TO BE ON A JURY... AND THEY WON'T TAKE ME JUST BECAUSE I ONCE WAS A --AHM...



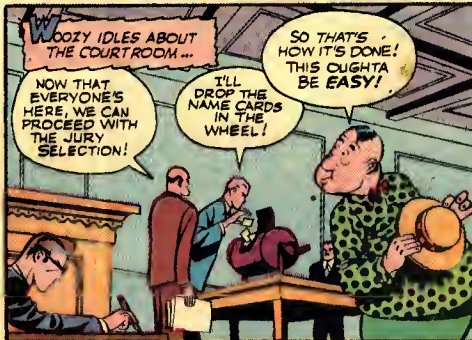
A DIP!

ER--I WOULDN'T PUT IT SO BLUNTLY, PLASTIC MAN! I'LL ADMIT I WAS SOMEWHAT LIGHT-FINGERED, BUT IS THAT ANY REASON WHY I CAN'T DO MY DUTY AS A SOLID CITIZEN, NOW THAT I'M ON THE LEVEL!

TO SAY NOTHING OF THE FACT THAT THE THREE BUCKS A DAY IS MORE THAN YOU COULD MAKE ANY OTHER WAY!



THREE BUCKS A DAY! ... NO KIDDIN'? ... NOW I JUST KNOW I GOTTA BE A JUROR!



WOOLZY IDLES ABOUT THE COURT ROOM ...

NOW THAT EVERYONE'S HERE, WE CAN PROCEED WITH THE JURY SELECTION!

I'LL DROP THE NAME CARDS IN THE WHEEL!

SO THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE! THIS OUGHTA BE EASY!



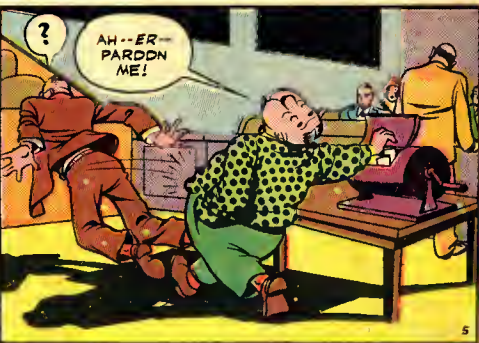
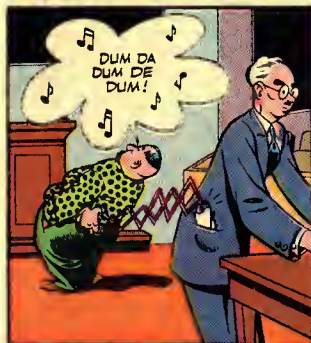
ALL I GOTTA DO IS WRITE MY NAME ON THE CARD!

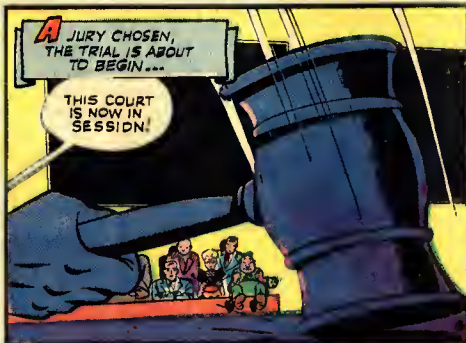
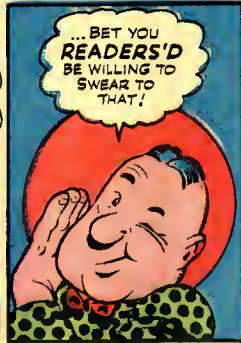
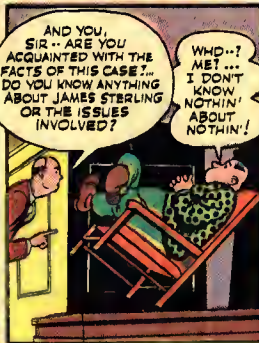
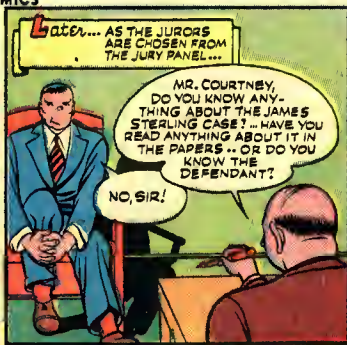


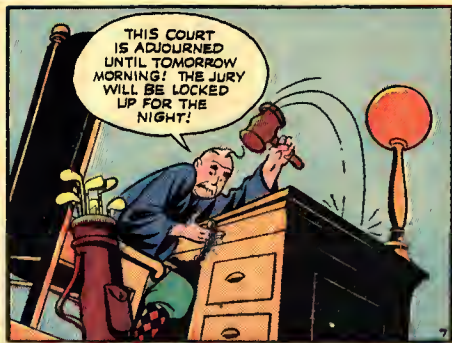
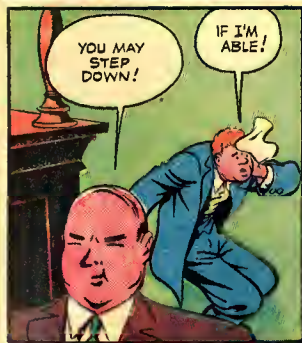
JUST A MINUTE ...!

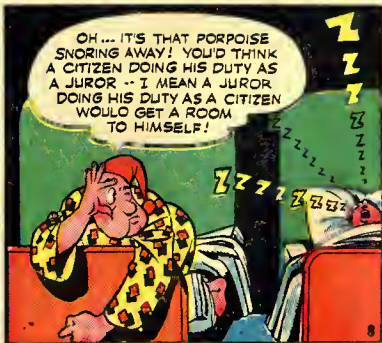
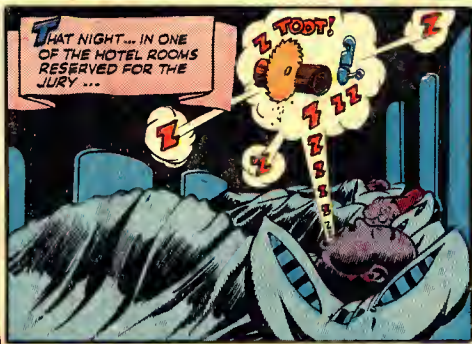
!! GULP!!

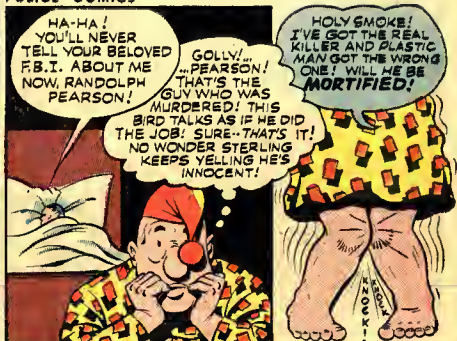
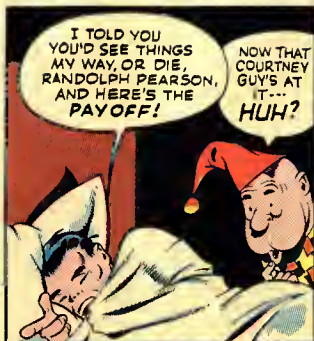
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**NEXT MORNING
IN THE COURTROOM...**

AND YOU SAY
YOU WERE TALKING
TO MR. PEARSON WHEN
YOU SUDDENLY LOST
CONSCIOUSNESS?

THAT'S
RIGHT!

I GOTTA
ATTRACT PLASTIC
MAN'S ATTENTION...
BUT IF I SAY ANY-
THING, THIS GUY'LL
USE THE RING
ON ME!

HE ISN'T
EVEN LOOKING
AT ME!



HE STILL ISN'T
LOOKING AT ME!
I GOTTA MAKE HIM
UNDERSTAND THAT
SOMETHIN'S
WRONG!



OWW! - WHAT
A PHIZ ON
WOOLY
TODAY!



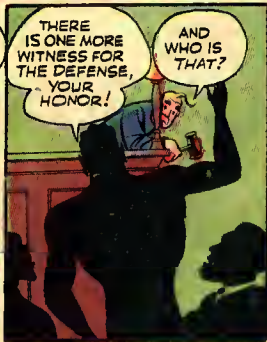
WONDER
WHAT'S EATING
HIM! HE CERTAINLY
ISN'T IMPROVING
THAT MAP OF
HIS ANY!



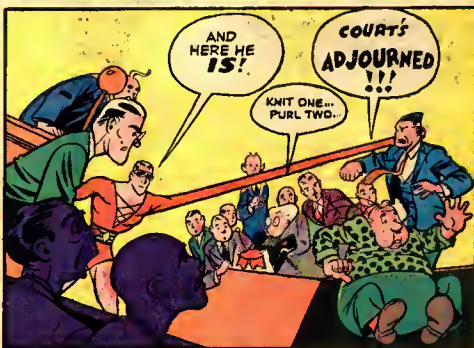
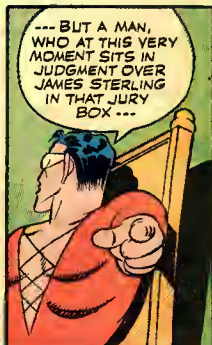
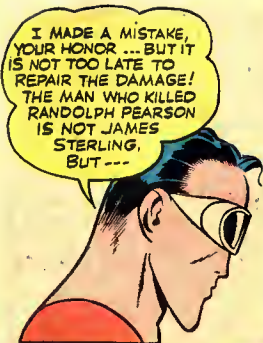
LOOKS AS IF HE'S
TRYING TO TELL ME
SOMETHING! -- UNLESS
I'M WRONG ----- WELL,
I CAN'T WALK UP TO
HIM WHILE THE COURT'S
IN SESSION! -- BUT
THERE SHOULD
BE A WAY!

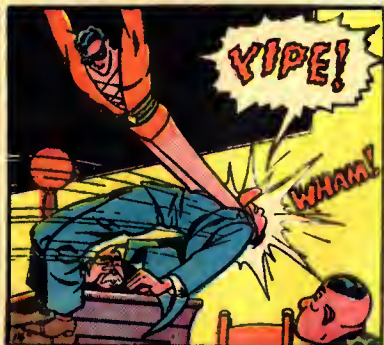
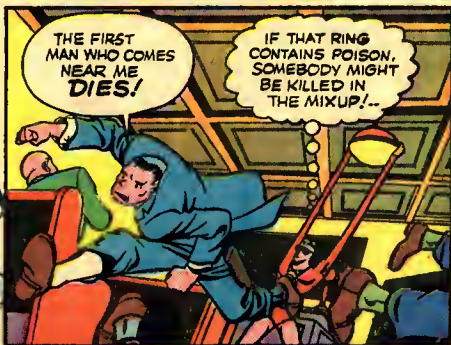
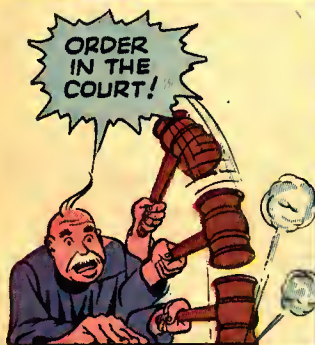


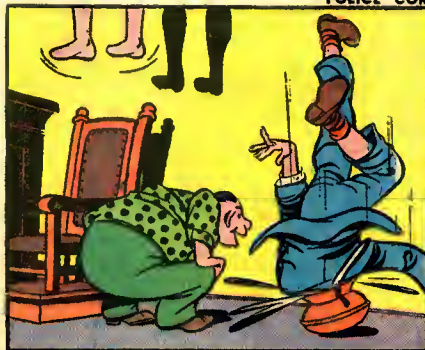




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I GOT THE RING, PLAS!... HE'S SAFE NOW!

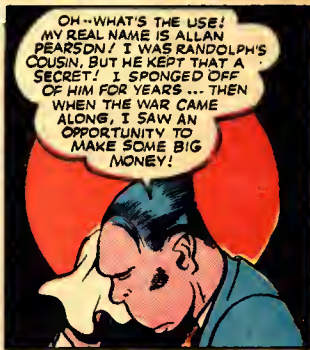


WHY, THIS IS JUST AN ORDINARY RING! THERE'S NO POISON GADGET ON IT!

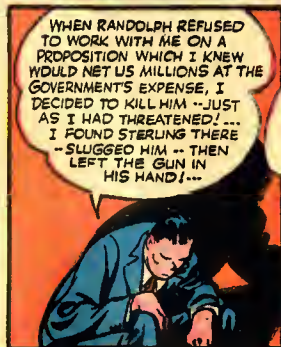
AND TO THINK I LET THAT GUY BULLDOSE ME!



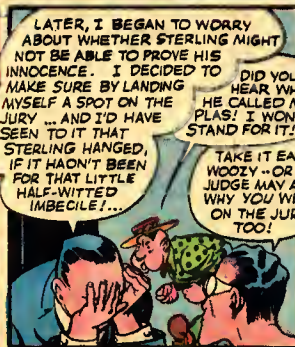
I THINK THIS GENTLEMAN IS READY TO DO A LITTLE TESTIFYING HIMSELF NOW, YOUR HONOR!



OH--WHAT'S THE USE! MY REAL NAME IS ALLAN PEARSDN! I WAS RANDOLPH'S COUSIN, BUT HE KEPT THAT A SECRET! I SPONGED OFF OF HIM FOR YEARS ... THEN WHEN THE WAR CAME ALONG, I SAW AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE SOME BIG MONEY!



WHEN RANDOLPH REFUSED TO WORK WITH ME ON A PROPOSITION WHICH I KNEW WOULD NET US MILLIONS AT THE GOVERNMENT'S EXPENSE, I DECIDED TO KILL HIM --JUST AS I HAD THREATENED! ... I FOUND STERLING THERE --SLUGGED HIM-- THEN LEFT THE GUN IN HIS HAND!...



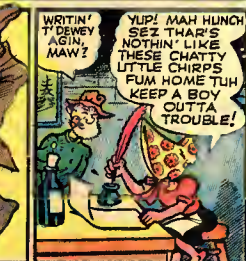
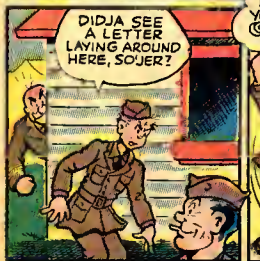
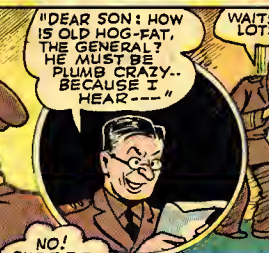
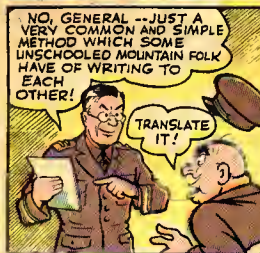
LATER, I BEGAN TO WORRY ABOUT WHETHER STERLING MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO PROVE HIS INNOCENCE. I DECIDED TO MAKE SURE BY LANDING MYSELF A SPOT ON THE JURY ... AND I'D HAVE SEEN TO IT THAT STERLING HANGED, IF IT HAON'T BEEN FOR THAT LITTLE HALF-WITTED IMBECILE!...

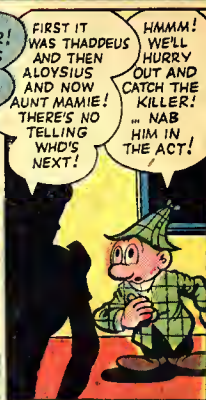
DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE CALLED ME, PLAS! I WON'T STAND FOR IT!

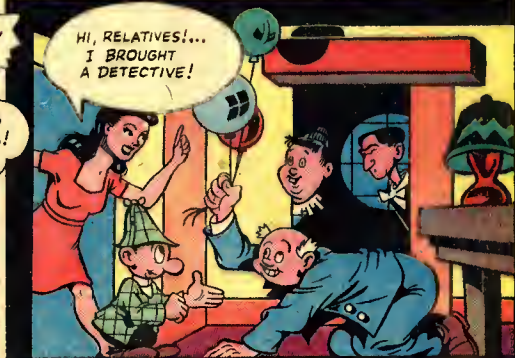
TAKE IT EASY, WOOLY --OR THE JUDGE MAY ASK WHY YOU WERE ON THE JURY, TOO!



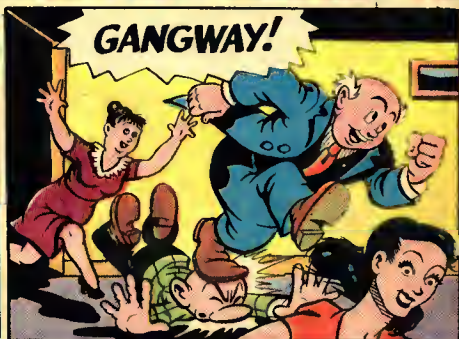
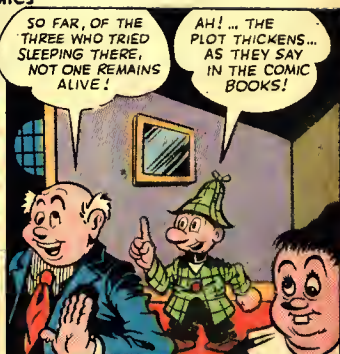
WHY ...ER... IT WAS MY CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT!... HARUMPH !!!

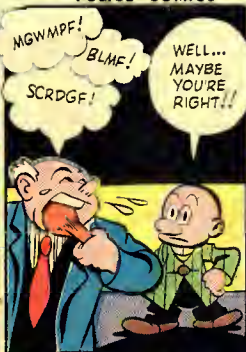


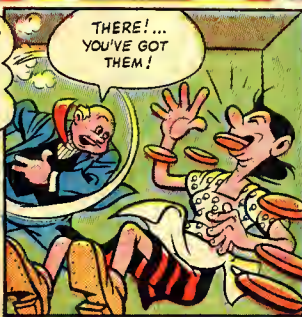
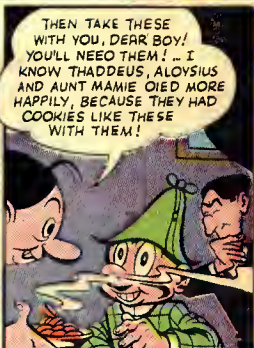
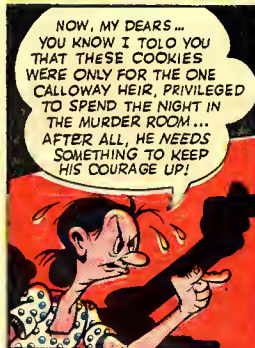




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DUTY CALLS!
I'VE GOT TO SLEEP
IN THE MURDER
ROOM!



MURDER WILL
OUT! ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS SLEEP
TIGHT!



YOU
DEAD
YET?

I DON'T
THINK
SO!



DON'T WORRY!
YOU WILL BE!
EEEEEEEAHH!
HEEHAHAHA!



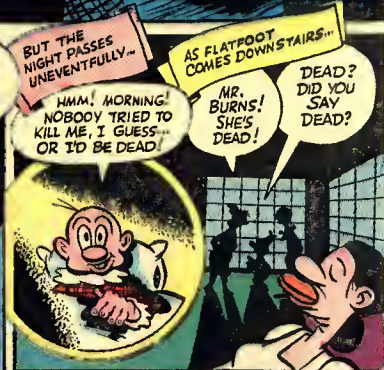
BUT THE
NIGHT PASSES
UNEVENTFULLY...

HMM. MORNING!
NOBODY TRIED TO
KILL ME, I GUESS...
OR I'D BE DEAD!

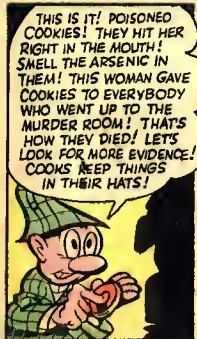
AS FLATFOOT
COMES DOWNSTAIRS...

MR.
BURNS!
SHE'S
DEAD!

DEAD?
DID YOU
SAY
DEAD?



THIS IS IT! POISONED
COOKIES! THEY HIT HER
RIGHT IN THE MOUTH!
SMELL THE ARSENIC IN
THEM! THIS WOMAN GAVE
COOKIES TO EVERYBODY
WHO WENT UP TO THE
MURDER ROOM! THAT'S
HOW THEY DIED! LET'S
LOOK FOR MORE EVIDENCE!
COOKS KEEP THINGS
IN THEIR HATS!

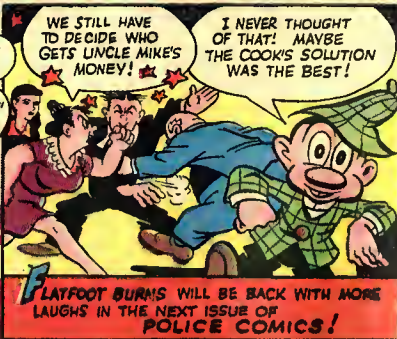


HERE IT IS!
THIS SAYS "...IF
NONE OF MY RELATIVES
SURVIVES, MY ESTATE
SHALL GO TO MY
BELOVED COOK--
SIGNED, MIKE CALLOWAY"
--THERE'S THE MOTIVE!



WE STILL HAVE
TO DECIDE WHO
GETS UNCLE MIKE'S
MONEY! ★ ★ ★

I NEVER THOUGHT
OF THAT! MAYBE
THE COOK'S SOLUTION
WAS THE BEST!



FLATFOOT BURNS WILL BE BACK WITH MORE
LAUGHS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
POLICE COMICS!

DESTINY

WHAT STRANGE HORROR
HUNG LIKE A PALL OVER
THE COSMOPOLITAN
OPERA HOUSE? WHY
DID LIGHT-HEARTED
SINGERS WALK ONTO
THE STAGE INTO THE
ARMS OF GRIM DEATH

?

THERE WAS AN ANSWER WHICH NOBODY
WOULD BELIEVE! NOBODY BUT DESTINY,
WHO HAS THE OCCULT POWER OF
TRANSFERRING HIMSELF THROUGH SPACE
TO THE SCENE OF A CRIME --AND HE
KNOWS THAT, SOMETIMES, THE DEAD
REMAIN WITH US!

A DRESSING ROOM IN THE
COSMOPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE...

YOU ARE
PLAYING YOUR
LAST ROLE, RICARDI!
TONIGHT, YOU
DIE!

WH...
WHAT?

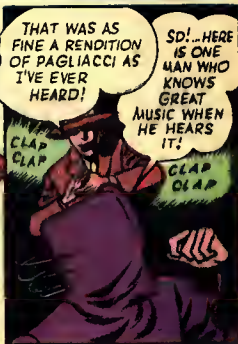
I DIDN'T GET ENOUGH
SLEEP, LAST NIGHT! --
I MUST BE
HEARING
THINGS!



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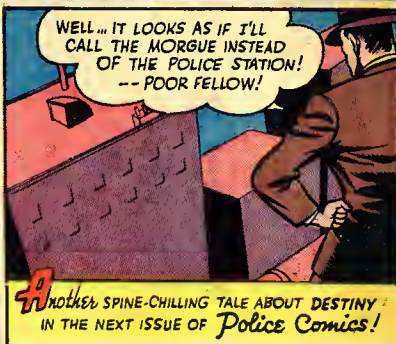


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MANHUNTER

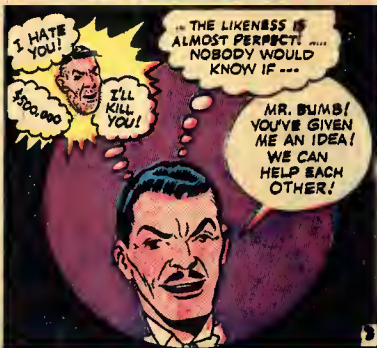
and The
Man Who
DIED
TWICE!

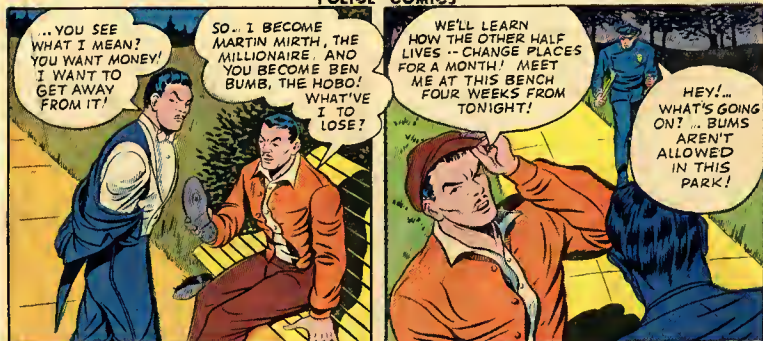


STRANGE is the tale of
Martin L. Mirth, millionaire...
a man who gave his name and
station in life to another, only to
find that they could never be
restored! — The story of a man
whose name is twice written in the
records of the dead!

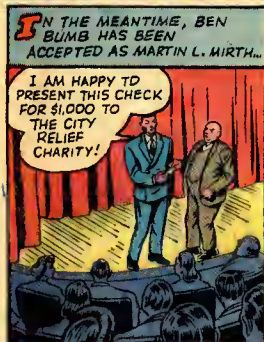
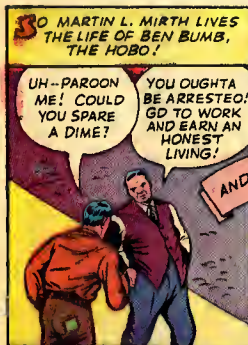
Was the murdered man a
murderer? *Read on!*

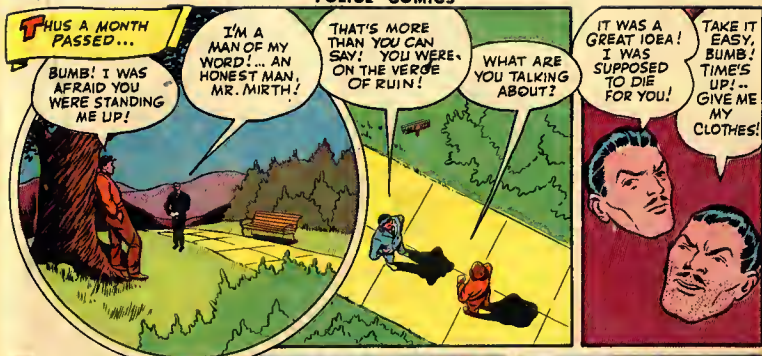


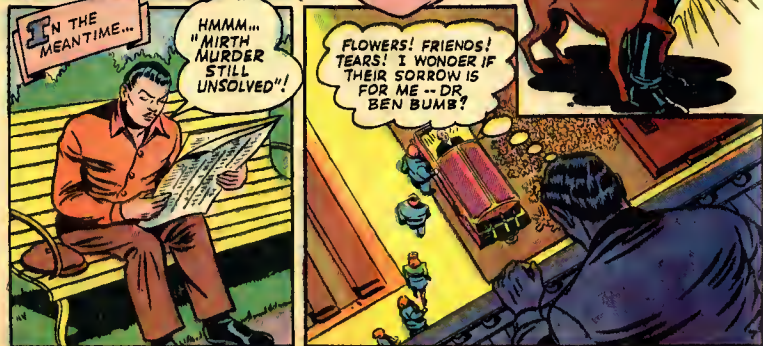
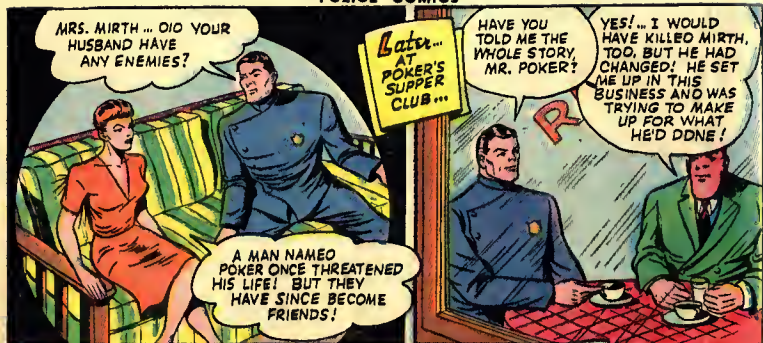




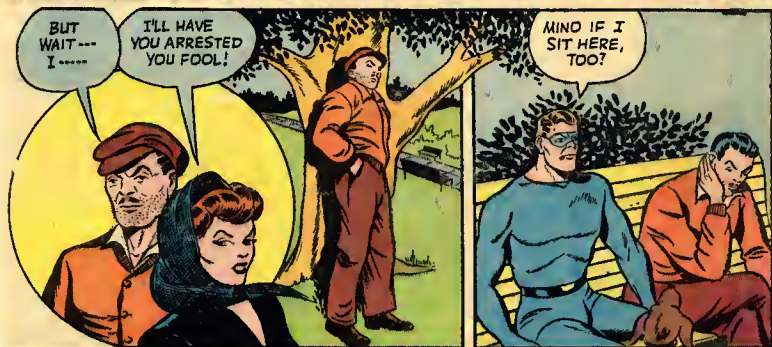
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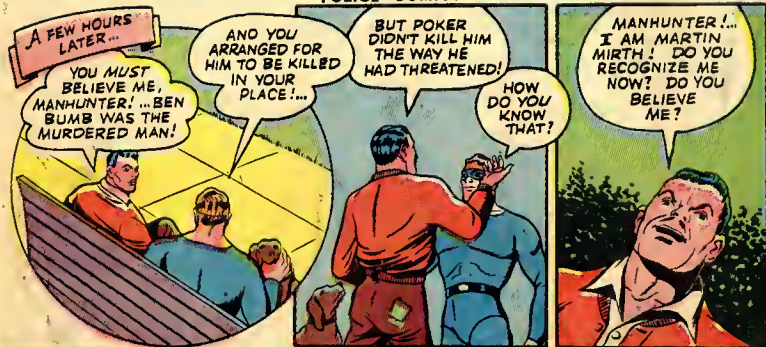






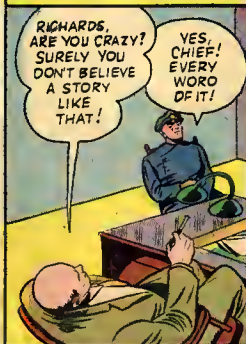
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MANHUNTER'S WORK FINISHED, HE BECOMES DANNY RICHAROS AGAIN AND RETURNS TO HIS CHIEF...



RICHARDS, ARE YOU CRAZY? SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE A STORY LIKE THAT!

YES, CHIEF! EVERY WORD OF IT!

THE NIGHT THEY WERE TOGETHER IN THE PARK... THE HOBO'S PERSISTENT RETURNING TO THE PARK BENCH... MIRTH'S MURDER AT THE VERY SPOT... IT ALL TIES TOGETHER!



BUT THAT DOESN'T PROVE HE'S MIRTH!

NO... THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE'VE PROVED... THAT HE **IS** THE MURDERER! HIS FINGERPRINTS MATCH THOSE TAKEN FROM THE OEOA MAN'S THROAT!



WELL, RICHAROS, YOU SOLVED THE MURDER--AND THE GUY WILL GET WHAT'S COMING TO HIM --- WHOEVER HE IS!



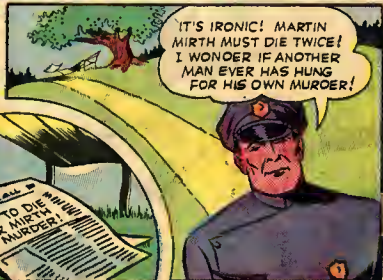
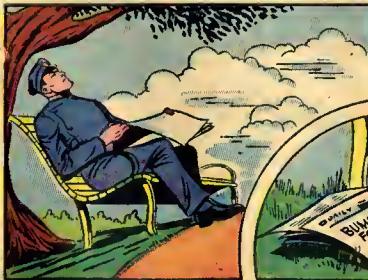
HE'S MIRTH, ALL RIGHT! I CAN'T PROVE IT -- BUT I'D STAKE MY LIFE ON IT!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

THE JUDGE HAS PRONOUNCED THE SENTENCE!... AND THE GUY INSISTS HE IS BEN BUMB!

THE MAN HAS PRIDE, CHIEF!... HE'D RATHER DIE THE MURDERED THAN THE MURDERER!



IT'S IRONIC! MARTIN MIRTH MUST DIE TWICE! I WONDER IF ANOTHER MAN EVER HAS HUNG FOR HIS OWN MURDER!

DAILY GLOBE
BUMB TO DIE
FOR MIRTH
MURDER!

MONSTER of the VALLEY

THE first strange disappearance occurred in 1926. Vernon Grant, archeologist for the Clive Foundation, left for Colombia to "run down" a rumor of a mystery. In other words, Grant and a party of five other scientists, headed for a certain mountainous region in Colombia to find the truth of a statement by "South American Sam" Bagley, who had reported that a Lost World existed in the stipulated area.

Neither Grant nor his companions were ever heard of again. Nor had anybody in the South American republic seen them.

Four years later, another party headed by Jan Van Voort of Amsterdam set out for the same place. They too vanished without a trace. And, like the Grant party, nobody saw them and so therefore they left no clues.

A small party of airmen, in a private plane, decided to see what the ruckus was all about and headed their plane south for Panama one day in 1933.

They flew over what they knew was the region where the mysterious disappearances were supposed to have occurred, but they could see nothing but a towering range of mountains surrounding a vast valley. The valley, however, was obscured by thick cloud banks. So the party was forced to return to a distant point in northern Colombia where there was a landing place.

They tried four or five times, but always the thick mists defied them. They flew back to Panama in disgust.

It was not until January of 1937 that two more intrepid adventurers tried to solve the secret of the hidden valley. They went to Colombia, hired mules and trekked three hundred miles through almost impenetrable jungle to the circle of unscalable mountains that pocketed the valley.

And there they met defeat. A broad river wound along the eastern ramparts of the mountains. It was known as El Rio Muerte—the river of death. The natives gave it a wide berth. Just why, however, nobody seemed to know.

Later that same year a Pan-American airliner flying over Colombia, vanished with nine passengers and a crew of three aboard. Scouting planes flew all over the republic for several weeks, but nothing was ever seen or heard of the missing craft.

Had it, too, been swallowed up by the mysterious valley?

Several years passed. The matter was all but forgotten. More than a score of people had vanished in the dark reaches of the Colombia wilds. Occasional speculation as to what had happened to them flared up and the newspapers revived the old stories. Usually these had to do with the missing persons. After a reporter with a dash of imagination would weave a fictional yarn on what he thought had happened, interest would again die.

The whole thing might have been forgotten had it not been for Dick Mace. I assume that little need be said here in the way of introducing young Mace. One of the world's foremost detectives, even though a mere lad, he has marched through these pages scores of times in numerous hair-raising adventures.

Mace is one of those people who must get at the bottom of things: ferret out all the facts of every mystery, no matter what the cost or danger. He had read all there was to read about the Colombian mystery. It intrigued him no end.

One day in June, 1943, he decided to try his hand in one of the most baffling cases in history. Alone, he set out in his small, powerful plane from Panama. He landed as near to the River of

Death as he could, which was about three miles from the circle of towering mountains. He set off, following the winding course of the river afoot.

When he had gone about two miles, he came to impenetrable walls of jungle. Creepers and lianas were so thickly intertwined that they formed a solid mass. Nothing could get through it. He had noticed a strange and ever-increasing roaring as he moved toward this spot. At first he thought it must be a fall. But he quickly discarded this theory when he glanced across the river. It was a half-mile wide. Directly in the middle of it was an enormous whirlpool.

"Huh!" he said. "That's odd. I never saw a whirlpool in a river before."

On the opposite side of the river the jungle was sparse.

Dick retraced his steps to his starting point. He kept on going, coming at last to a similar wall of creepers.

"Good gosh," he said, "a mouse couldn't get through that wall. Now supposing all those people found themselves in this same spot. What would they do?"

Dick glanced across the river again. And then a thought struck him. He stepped to the river bank and threw a stick into the water. It was whisked away in a flash toward the roaring vortex of the whirlpool.

"Ah!" said Dick aloud.

He went to his plane and took off. A week later he was landing in the same place. This time he had come prepared for a strange adventure.

Dick took a diving helmet and rubber suit from the cockpit and donned them, first seeing that his two revolvers were strapped to his waist. Then he waded into the river. Immediately he was swept headlong toward the whirlpool. He didn't fight the current. And then he was spin-

POLICE COMICS

ning around like a top and hurtling down hill.

Blackness—a roaring in his ears—then sudden, blinding light, Dick was rolling over and over. At last this stopped and he found himself in a quiet stream, walking on soft sand, heading for the nearby bank.

The first thing Dick saw when he got his helmet off was the canopy of haze that covered the valley. Then there were the towering perpendicular cliffs that encircled it, and the odd vegetation. Glant tree ferns, and tall blades of saw grass—all a strange reddish color. The lack of green pigment, he felt, was caused by the haze cutting certain rays out of the sun. He had heard of such things.

Then—bing! There it was, a gigantic footprint in the wet sand of the beach. But what a footprint! Fully two feet long, half that across, it was—

"What the heck kind of animal made that?" he demanded of the silence. "Surely not—"

A cold chill swept over him. Yes, he had seen such a print in a certain museum of natural history. It was a print imbedded in ancient limestone, made, according to scientists, some million years ago. A prehistoric monster's footprint. An animal's print supposed to be dead thousands of centuries! And now here, today—1943—was a fresh print, made by the same monster!

Dick felt a little weak and dizzy for a moment. Things were

coming too fast. This couldn't be. Yet here it was, the irrefutable proof before him!

He set out across the rolling plain that stretched before him as far as the eye could see. Saw grass and a few scraggy trees, all the, dull reddish color.

But suddenly he came upon a skeleton of a man. It was badly broken and chewed, and the skull was crushed, but it was the bones of a man. There was no identification.

"One of the poor devils, sure as anything," he said to himself.

Farther on, several miles from the river, he came upon a clump of thick bushes and there lay five more skeletons! They were all in the same shape as the first—broken and some of the bones had been chewed by enormous teeth. Did that monster actually exist? Had it killed these people and eaten them? He seemed to remember that those giant animals of the past were all herbivorous and not flesh eaters.

Dick wandered over the plain all that afternoon. He had solved the way these people had entered the valley—not by their own volition they had seen the sparse jungle across the river and had tried to swim the stream. The same thing had happened to them as had overcome him the whirlpool had got them, sucked them down under the mountain and into the hidden valley.

Toward evening he came to the wreckage of a large trans-

port plane. It had crashed hard and the whole ship was a mass of twisted metal. The cockpit was fairly intact. Inside, there were four people, all of them skeletons now. But their clothing remained. And in these garments he found definite identification of the plane and its passengers. Several other skeletons were strewn about near the plane, hurled there by the terrific impact of striking the ground. All these were skeletons.

Then just at dusk Dick made his great discovery. Lying near the river, was an enormous body, sunken, and in spots giant bones showing where vultures had eaten the flesh away. It was some kind of prehistoric animal, but what kind he had no idea. Had this monster eaten those other people? He knew what he'd do: he'd go back to civilization and bring a crew of men. . . .

Dick knew how he'd get out of this valley, too. He had come fully prepared. He carried a canister of the world's highest explosive. There was a low place in the mountain range, which he had spotted when he first entered the valley. He knew positively that the charge he carried was adequate to tear the pile of mountain down, making it possible to scramble over it into the jungle.

Tomorrow he'd set off the charge and leave the valley. In a few weeks he'd come back. Come back and really pry the secret of the valley loose!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF POLICE COMICS published weekly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1943

State of Connecticut
County of Fairfield

I, before me, a notary public in and for the State of Connecticut, personally appeared EVERETT M. ARNOLD, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the POLICE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the several publications for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in sections 357, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of the form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Local Post Office Greenwald, Conn.; Editor, GEORGE B. BRUNER, 412 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, HARRY BUNN, Business Manager, EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Local Post Office Greenwald, Conn.
2. That the title is: (If issued by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the name and address of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not issued by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated association, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.)
CLINTON C. ARNOLD, Local Post Office Greenwald, Conn.; EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Local Post Office Greenwald, Conn.; CONN. MAGAZINE, INC., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding a percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.
4. That the last paragraph shall show: Giving the names of the owner, stockholders, and security holders, if any, certain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company in full name, the name of the person or persons who do not appear upon the books of the company as holder, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and also that the effect has no respect to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of the publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is:

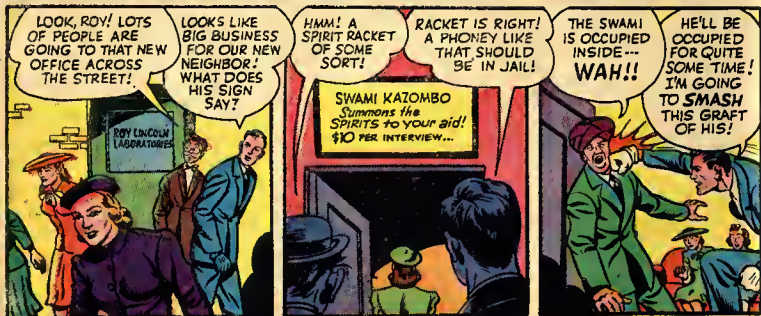
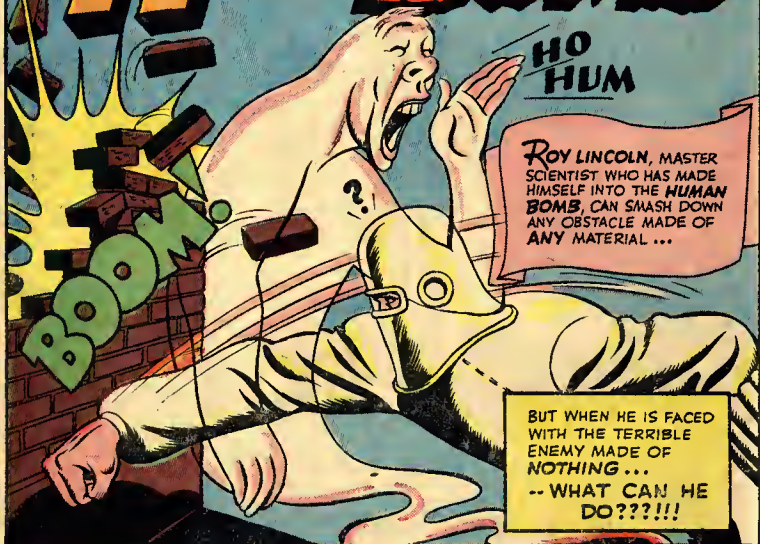
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EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher

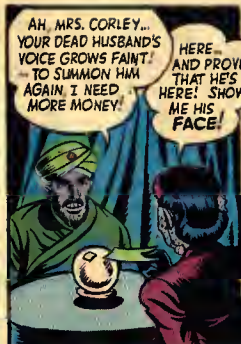
Sworn to and subscribed before me on this 17th day of September, 1943

LOUIS A. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944)

The Human BOMB



POLICE COMICS



HERE...
AND PROVE
THAT HE'S
HERE! SHOW
ME HIS
FACE!



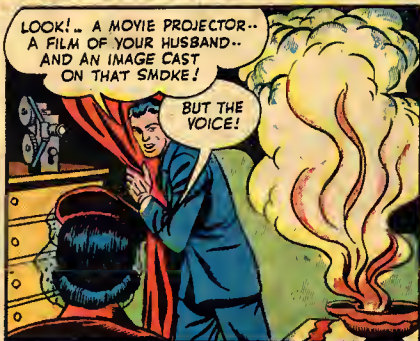
IT'S MY
HUSBAND!
SPEAK TO
ME, MY
DARLING!



COME AWAY
FROM THAT
SILLY TRICK
LAMP,
LADY!



NO MADNESS! ONLY
GOOD SENSE! LIGHT
THE PLACE UP,
HUSTACE!



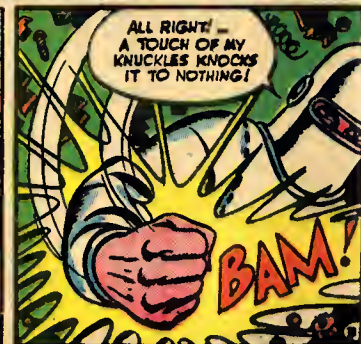
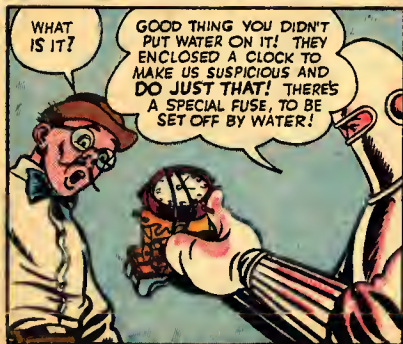
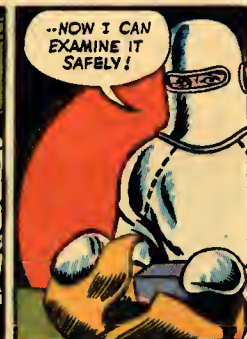
BUT THE
VOICE!



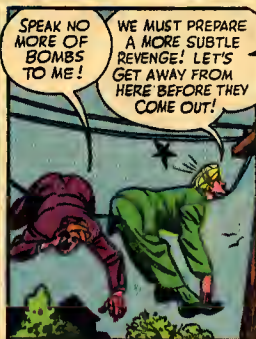
LOOK
OUT!



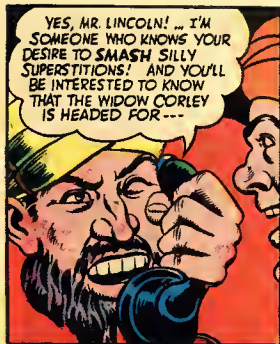
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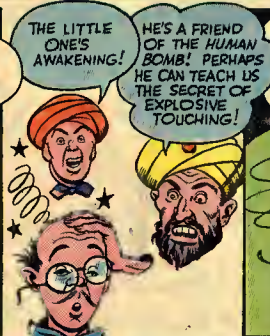
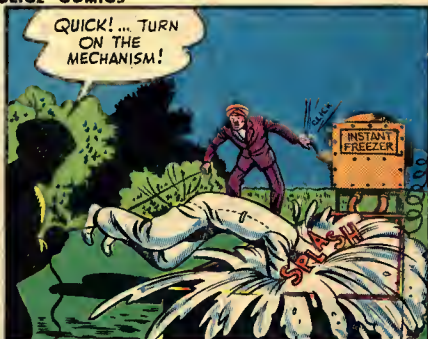
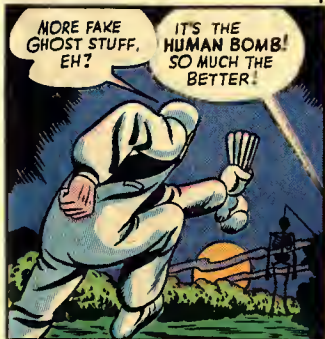


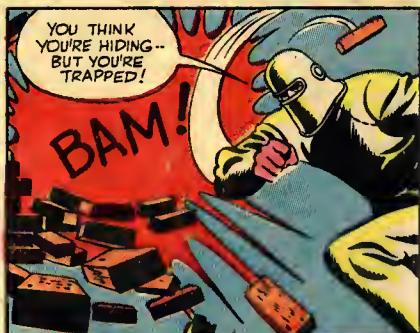
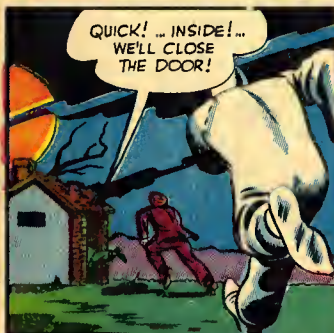
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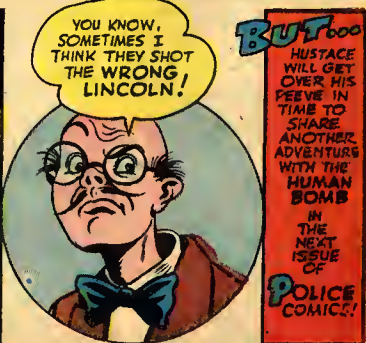


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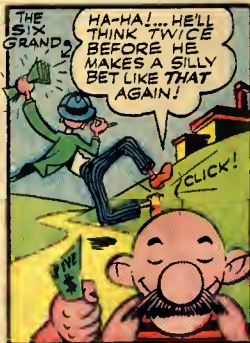
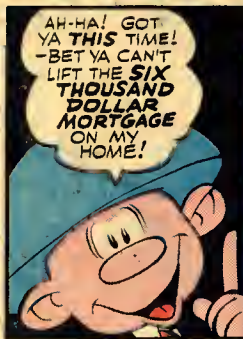
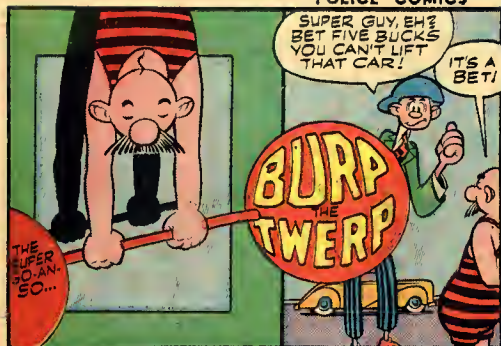








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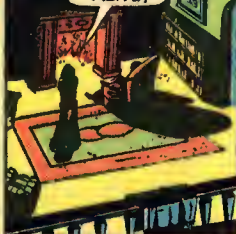




POLICE COMICS

DEEP UNDERGROUND IN WILD-
WOOD CEMETERY... WHERE THE
SPIRIT KEEPS HIS SECRET
CRIME LABORATORY....

GOLLY, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS... YO
GONNA LET COMMISSIONER
DOLAN KNOW YO'S STILL
ALIVE?



NO, EBONY...
I THINK IT'S
BEST NOT TO!

HE SHO' WAS
MAD AS A
HORNET WHEN HE
THOUGHT YOU
DROWNED LAS'
WEEK!



YES..HA HA!... GUESS I'D BE SAD
ABOUT HIM TOO... I'M GETTING TO
LIKE THE OLD BILLYGOAT!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

NOW DON'T SHOUT
AT ME, MR. GILDTREE...
I'M COMMISSIONER
HERE!

I'M NOT
SHOUT-
ING, MR.
DOLAN...

I WANT
PROTECTION FOR
MY WIFE!



THIS YOGI AHKAN HAS TOLD MY
WIFE THAT SHE HAS DISPLEASED
THE GOD BARDU AND HIS
PONEY RELIGION... SO, IN
ORDER TO APPEASE HIM, SHE
MUST PAY TRIBUTE... 1000 GOLD
DOLLARS A MONTH...
OR SHE'LL DIE!

A
RACKET!!



MY WIFE BELIEVES
IN IT... AND WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
TO SAVE HER?...

HOLD YOUR
HORSES,
GILDTREE...
I AM DOING
SOMETHING...!

I'M HAVING YOGI
AHKAN BROUGHT
HERE FOR AN
INTERVIEW!



HERE HE IS
NOW... SIT
DOWN, YOGI!

MAY BARDU
SMILE ON YOU,
MY FRIENDS!



NOW,
YOGI!...
WHAT'S
THE
RACKET
??

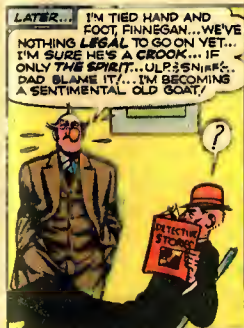
RACKET?. RACKET,
SAHIB ?? OH... NO ONE
DOES NOT HAVE
RACKET WEETH
BARDU!... AM MERELY
SERVANT OF BARDU..



UNLESS MRS. GILDTREE PAY
TRIBUTE... BARDU SAYS HE
MUST DIE !!



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF MRS. GILDTREE....

EVERYTHING
YOU SAID, YOGI!
AND THE COINS
WERE NICKED
THREE TIMES...

IT IS WELL,
MRS. GILDTREE
...I GO NOW...
AND TOMORROW
YOU WILL HAVE
PROOF OF THIS
FRAUD WORKED
UPON YOU!



HSST...SPIRIT...
IS SHE ALRIGHT
??



OH...YES, MR.
GILDTREE...SHE
FOLLOWED MY
PLAN... NOW
KEEP HER MIND
OCCUPIED... AND
DON'T LET HER
KNOW WHO I
REALLY AM...



...AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK
YOU BRING MRS.
GILDTREE TO AHKAN'S
APARTMENT... I'LL BE
THERE AS YOGI...
AND EXPOSE HIM!

RIGHT!



LATER...

GOOD EVENING...
WHO ARE
YOU?

AH, MY
BROTHER...I
AM YOGI!
AND...I HAVE
HEARD MUCH
OF YOUR
POWERS...



YOU...ER...
HEARD
OF ME???
HOW...???

I HAVE HEARD
THAT YOU DEFILE
OUR GREAT GODS...
...AND I'M HERE
TO KILL YOU!



NO...NO...NOW
LISSEN, PAL...
DON'T... I GOT
A SOFT RACKET
HERE... AND I'LL
CUT'CHA IN
ON IT!

MY!...HOW
YOUR VOICE IS
CHANGED!...
YOU SPEAK AS
THE OCCIDENT.
TRULY YOU ARE
AN EVILDOER. IN
THE SIGHT OF BARDU...
AND FOR THAT... YOU
DIE!!



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE....



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

ABOVE THEM...



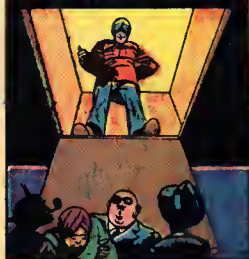
BELOW

LISTEN... FIGHTING
UP THERE!

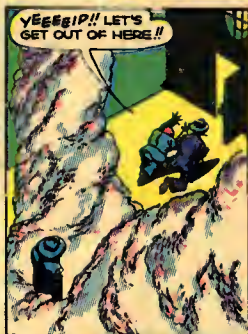
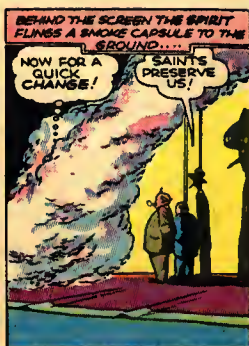
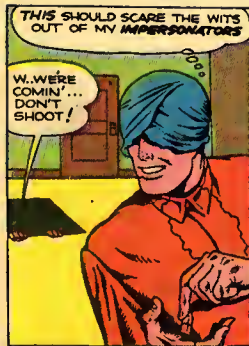
YEAH... PHOOEY!!
WHAT
BUNGLING
DOODES
WE ARE!



COME UP HERE, MY
THREE STUPID SPIRITS...
AND MEET THY FATE!!



POLICE COMICS



Boys!

FREE

5 POWER TELESCOPE

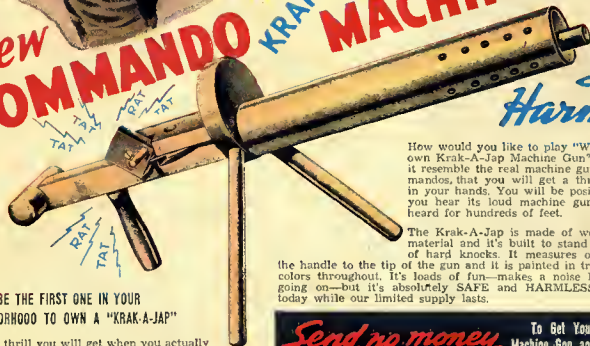


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Name

Address

City State

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